Enter Piſtoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Piſt. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monſire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue. I will haue fortie moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

French. Monſier Fer.

Boy. He ſaies his name is Maſter *Fer.*

Piſt. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him!

Boy diſcus the ſame in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and ferkt.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.

Piſt. Onye ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnleſſe thou giue to me egregious raunſome, dye.

One poynt of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monſiere.

Ill dityes i vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ranſome, ill vou tueres.

French. O lee vous en pri petrit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ranſome

Cinquante ocios, le ſuyes vng gentelhome de *France.*

Piſt. What ſayes he boy?

Boy. Marry ſir he ſayes, he is a Gentleman of a great

Houſe, of *France:* and for his ranſome,

He will giue you 500. crownes.

Piſt. My fury ſhall abate,

And I the Crownes will take.

And as I ſuck blood, I will ſome mercie ſhew.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Piſtoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the Fre

Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commen

King. Liues he good Vncle, twiſe

Twiſe vp againe:

From helmet to the ſpurre, all bleedi

Exe. In which aray, braue ſouldier

Larding the plaines, and by his blood

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wo

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* alſo lyes.

Suffolke firſt dyde, and *Yorke* all haſted

Comes to him where in blood he lay

And takes him by the beard, kiſſes the

That bloodily did yane vpon his face

And cryde aloud, tary deare couſin *Su*

My ſoule ſhall thine keep company i

Tary deare ſoule awhile, then flie to r

And in this glorious and well foughte

We kept togither in our chiualdry.

Vpon theſe words I came and cheerd

He tooke me by the hand, ſaid deare

Commend my ſeruice to my ſoueraig

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* ne

He threw his wounded arme, and ſo e

With blood he ſealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and

Forſt thoſe waters from me, which I w

But I not ſo much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not: for hearing

I muſt conuert to teares.

Alarum ſoundes.

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery ſouldier kill his priſoner.

Piſt. Couple gorge. *Ex*

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